You need not ask to pross my cheek—
Too cheeky that would be by far;
'Tis useless, sir, to sing each week,
That I'm your own sud guiding star.
I know no lane but Drury Lane,
Where we should meet when clocks strike nine;
And what's the use, you stupid goose,
Of calling me your Valentine?

You need not buy a silly sheet

Of tinsel'd note stuck o'er with doves,
Where idiotic creatures meet
To tell, in trashy verse, their loves.
I'm not a mild, raw school girl now,
To gush with rapture at a line;
So 'tis no use you stupid goose,
To send me now a Valentine.

Saint Valentine's a worthless saint
To deal in naught but scrawls and rhymes;
We cannot live on cakes of paint
In these expensive modern times,
Love's offerings now should take a shape
Substantial, solid, sound and fine;
But 'lis no use, you silly goose.
To post me as your Valentine.

Of many things you might expend
Your money with much better taste;
And if a pound on me you'd spend,
Don't that same pound on paper waste.
A box of gloves, a scent-case, fan,
A brocch, a bracelet, gems that shine;
There'd be some u-e. you dear old goose,
In sending such a Valentine!

Think, ere your money you invest
On Cupid's darts, or senseless dove—
He loveth best who payeth best
For useful presents to his love.
"What present should you send?"—I'm plain,
A plain gold ring is in my line!
There'd be some use, you dear old goose,
In such a solid Valentine.

RED KNIFE: Kit Carson's Last Trail!

By LEON LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "THE WAGON TRAIN," "THE WITCE FINDER," "THE WATER WOLF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED. Towards the close of a beautiful day in June. 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of eotton-woods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting, and covered with sweat and foam.
"We must give the horses a breathing spell,"

said the former, slipping to the ground; and his companion nodded a graceful assent, as she followed his example.

The couple were evidently father and daugh-

The man was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advance-guards of civilization,

peculiar to the advance-guards of civilization, and there was an honest, trank expression on his sun-browned face that proclaimed his integrity and courage.

In her way, his daughter was equally picturesque and attractive.

In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure, aweet and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with soral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as loveas a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as love ly as a flower, and as spirited as an untamed

The stream by which the couple had halted was Wood River, a branch of the Platte, in Ne-braska, at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort

heart," said he, smilingly. "The return, now daily expected, of a certain Hubert Earla from the mines of Idaho, may account, I suspect,

A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of her lover. She answered the glances of her father, however, with a frankness that attested his entire sympathy with her, and said:
"True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise, since I know that Hubert is

oming?"
Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking, with kindling eyes, over the fair flower-dotted plain; and his next remark showed how widely his thoughts had strayed.
"I wonder what mother has been doing with-

out as all day. Miriam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meals. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point," and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. "Our cottage is not more than seven miles distant; let me see?"

than seven miles distant; let me see?"

He drew from his coat a pocket-glass, adjusted it to his sight, pointed it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and earnestly, towards his ranche upon Carrey's Fork.

"Yes, I see it," he said, at last, with a long, deep and joyful inspiration, as if the sight refreshed him in every nerve. "There is our cottage, as plain as day. I can even see the vines you planted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on the grape-vine bench, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her se wing. Bless her! She does not imagine we are looking at her. Look, Miriam."

He yielded the instrument to bis daughter, who obeyed his injunction, her lovely face

who obeyed his injunction, her lovely face glowing with smiles as she regarded the distant home scene.

"Dear mother!" she murmured. "It is a treat to her to be able to sit out under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians hereabouts now—are there, father."

Red Knife, as you have already heard, "No. Red Knife, as you have already heard, was killed yesterday by a settler, and his band has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess, Miriam, that during all the time we have been in the West, I have not felt so light hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have just seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage."

Miriam shuddered, and her features even paled at the memory of the Indian mentioned.

"He never spared a pale face," she said, striving to speak calmiy. "Desolation and eruelty marked his path. For more than three years he has raged to and fro upon the plains like a ravening wolf. He was the terror of the border."

bordor."
"You have named him appropriately, Miriam," said the hunter. "He had a fiendish hatred of the white race, and his victims have

been many."

Mr. Dane held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of restoring it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound startled them both, and sent them quickly to their

saddles.

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direction the sound had come, his manner self-possessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example.

Her eyes were the first to discover the cause of the sound that had startled them, detecting

a man's figure orcoping along through the un-dergrowth of bushes lining the shore.

At the same moment, their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had

been shot.
"An Indian?" whispered Miriam, drawing

"An Indian?" whispered Miriam, drawing from her bosom a revolver.

The hunter shock his head, continuing to watch the spot at which the man had fallen, his hand on his rifle, his manner that of one ready for action.

Suddenly, as the man showed a haggard face peering cautiously from his concealment, Mr. Dane's anxious countenance broke into a smile, and he oried out:

and he cried out:
"Hallo! Is that you, Thompson? Do you take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes?"

take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes?"

The individual addressed was silent a full minute, as it seemed, from sheer amazement; then he sprang out from his hiding-place with a cry of relief, and advanced swirtly towards the father and daughter.

He was a man of middle age, of the ordinary type of backwoodsmen, strong and brown and stalwart, of the rude, rough type that seems to belong to the border. His face was haggard and white, although covered with perspiration. His breath came through his parted lips is quick, uneven gaps. He had run far and swiftly, and looked as if about to drop from fatigue.

"What has happened, Thempson?" asked Dane, with item auxiety, the man's singular appearance giving him, a sudden shock of asarm.

"The Indiana!" respect Theoremson tenance!

appearance giving mine and arm.

"The Indians!" gasped Thompson, sourcely

THE DA LY NEWS.

A Solid Valentine.

A Solid Valentine.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD, BY A PRACTICAL XOUNG LADY.

YOUNG LADY.

Too cheeky that would be by far;

"Tis useless, sir, to sing each week,
That I'm your own and guiding star.
I know no lane but Drury Lane,
Where we should meet when clocks strike nine;
And what's the use, you stupid goose,
Of calling me your Valentine?

able to command his voice. "They are coming ! Red Knife and his band—divided—my wife—my children! Help me!" Help me!"

"What talk is this?" cried Dane, aritsted in spite of bis efforts at self-control. "Red Knife was killed yesterday—"

"He was only wounded," interrupted Thorupson. "He is coming to take his vengeance on us settlers. He has divided his band into two. They were up at the Deer Fork this morning, and are now coming this way. The points to be struck are your house and mine."

"My God!" ejaculated Dane, as his informant parsed in his excited, breathless narration.

"A horse! a horse!" cried Thompson, reel-ing with fatigue. "I can go no further on foot. My wife, my children—God pity and save He looked from the hunter to his daughter

in agonized and mute supplication.

Dane snatched the glass from Miriam's hands and placed it to his eyes. He looked to the northward-saw his pretty zon stretching away eastward and westward from his home.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands— buddenly the glass dropped from his hands— his tace blanched to the hue of snow. From the west, seeming to emerge from the clouds of scarlet and gold, he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding boldly towards that

unprotected home, towards that unconscious and helpless woman.

With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like a madman, shouting to his daughter to follow him; at the same instant Thompson staggered forward and fell in the madien's path, holding up his hands in anguish.

anguish.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned.

There was no hesitation in the soul of the brave Miriam.

"Mine is but a single life; he has seven de-

pending on him," she said, aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and, with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.
"But—your danger!" faltered Thompson.
"The Indians—"

"The Indians—"
Miriam again pointed to the saddle.
"Go," she commanded. "Think only of your family, and be gone!"
Still Thompson hesitated, sweeping the horizon with eager glances, to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened. A change came over his face as he looked, and he uttered a wild cry, catching up the glass Mr. Dane had let fall, and looked through it.

The sight he beheld convulsed him with terror.

ror.
Not a mile away, to the west, he saw coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted

savages. "They're coming—a band of red-skins—directly towards us "he gasped. "I'm lost."
Fly, Miriam, while you have the time !"
The maiden took the glass and gazed through it an instant at the approaching foe, A strange light appeared in her eyes—a light possessed only by those upon whom God has bestowed a consciousness of His great protection—the light of a heroism which death itself

cannot master.

"Sure enough," she murmurred. "They are coming! The leader is Red Kuife, Go, neighbor Thompson—on the instant!"

"We can ride together!" cried Thompson.

"No! The horse is tired. We have been to Willow Island. We should be overtaken before we had gone two miles!"
"Then we'll die together!"
"No! no! You must mount!"

With a grasp so sudden and firm that it startled him, the maiden pushed him towards the horse, and in another instant he found himself, more by instinct than thought, seated in the saddle.

"Away, Selim!" cried Miriam to her steed, with an imperative gesture. "Away!"

The horse broke furiously over the plain, giving Thempson only time enough to flash a look of gratitude towards the maiden, as he dashed away to the northeast, towards his

Menaced home.

A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his shoulder—took in at a glance the situation of affairs, recognizing the peril as well as the heroism of his child—bowed his head solemnly, as one submits to the inevitable, in approbation of her conduct, and then he swept on to the rescue of his wife, his soul tora by such emotions as are seldom brought to battle together. Kearny.

"Are you tired, Miriam?" asked the hunter, George Dane, with fatherly solicitude.

"Tired, father?" rejoined the maiden, with a happy laugh. "Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this? Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as yonder bird."

The father smiled understandingly, with a look run of the foodest affection.

"I can guess the Gluse of your lightness of "I can guess the Gluse of your lightness of "I can guess the Gluse of your lightness of heart," said he, smilingly. "The return, now heart," sa

CHAPTER II. A CURIOUS AND STABILING MYSTERY.

Skirting the Black Hills, forty miles west of Fort Laramie, a party of horsemen were riding

eastward.

They had left Fort Bridger eight days before, taking the route of the North Platte, and were now following the Oregon emigrant road, were now following the Oregon emigrant road, were now following the Oregon emigrant road, among those long ridges, dry beds of rivers, and sterile plains, by which the region of the Black Hills is distinguished.

The bulk of the party consisted of ten cavalry-

men men, under a lieutenant, who were return-ing to Fort Laramie, their post of duty. They were well mounted, and had several led horses in their train, loaded with their provisions and

in their train, loaded with their provisions and appurtenances of travel.

The balance of the party comprised three civilians, who had seized the opportunity of crossing the mountains under military escort. Two of these were emigrants who had settled near Fort Bridger, but who had tired of the great solitude, or been frightened by the Indians, and were now returning eastward in search of homes nearer the haunts of civilization.

The third civilian was Huber: Earle, the The third civilian was Huber: Earle, the lover of Miriam Dane, the settler's daughter, whom we have just left in such deadly peril.

He was a splendid specimen of American manhood, magnificently formed, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, as vigorous as an athlete, and rode his horse, a tiery Mexican steed, with the grace and ease of a Centaur.

At the moment of his introduction to the reader, he was riding in the rear of the little train, busy with his own reflections, which were evidently as bright as the morning itself—the forenoon preceding the events we have recorded.

His thoughts were wrapt in the sweet memo-ry of Miriam, who had wept so bitterly at his departure, and who, he expected, would smile so joyously at his return.
"The dear little soul!" he murmured aloud.

"Where is she now?"
His eyes darkened with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being with a happiness akin to pain. He pictured their meeting, the presty home they would share together, the years they would spend in each other's society, the tender mutual love and care that would bless all their coming days.

He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek his fortune among the mines of Idaho. He was returning to her a more than moderately rich man, with bills of exchange in his chamois money-belt of sufficient value to support them both in luxury as long as they might live. It was not to be wondered at that his thoughts were pleasant. 'Where is she now?'

were pleasant.
Suddenly he was aroused from his trance-like silence, by cries of delight from his companions, and by the fact that they had check-

panions, and by the fact that they had checa-ed their speed.

Looking around him quickly, he beheld the cause of the unusual excitement. To the southward at no great distance, a small herd of buffaloes was grazing lazily, seemingly not at all alarmed at the near presence of a formi-

able enemy.

The wind was blowing from them, the horses were fresh, and, as he looked at the tempting game, Hubert felt, the spirit of the hunter grow strong within him.

grow strong within him.

Giving rein to his horse, he galloped along the line to speak to the licutenant, but was met half way by that officer, whose sparkling eyes and eager demeanor attested to a kindling of Nimrod-like zeal.

"What do yeu say to an hour's sport, Mr. Earle?" shouted the licutenant, as he bore down upon his friend, for Hubert was a decided tavorite with every member of the party.

"I think it would be a downright shame to turn our backs on such splendid game," was the quick response. "Who could eat a dinner of salk pork; with those fat buffaloes so near us?"

The lieutenant smiled, glanced up and down the line, reading eager longing in the faces of his men, and resolved to carry out his own and the general desire.

At a word of command from him, the party set out at a quick gallop for the scene of ac-

The buffaloes allowed the enemy to approach quite near, the wind favoring the hunters; but at length began to snuff the air unessily, to shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their appropriate.

shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their apprehensions.

A moment later they had beheld the enemy, and, with frightful bellowings and mighty tramp, had begun their wild, mad flight to the southward.

The chase was a long one; and it was not till the hunters had run the buffalces upon a spur of the Black Hills that they got a good chance at them. They then brought down several plump young buffalces, and dinner speedily became the watchword.

"It is noon, and we'll have dinner" said the

lieutenant, observing that the baggage animals with their drivers were approaching. "Kindle a fire, boys, and we'll have steaks and roasts in abundance."

While this order was being carried into effect, Hubert and several others were engaged in

surveying the scene.

"A lonely and desolate spot," said Hubert, thoughtfully. "It looks as if a man had never before visited it." "And no wonder," returned Brydges, "since it's five miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless he might be in pursuit of buffalces."

There being no answer to this question, Habert proceeded to find an excellent on the superior of the supe

spot for his horse, tethered him, and flung him-self on the ground in the shadow of the hill. The lieutenant and a portion of the men fol-lowed his arample.

The lieutenant and a portion of the men followed his example.
Plenty of low bushes were found dry enough to burn, and several fires were soon kindled. The choicest portions of the buffaloes vere readily prepared for cooking, and it was not long before the odor of burning flesh was diffused on the air; four or five hungry soldiers exprise as cooks.

It was a wild picnic scene on those lonely wilds, and every man there enjoyed it with true

wilds, and every man there enjoyed it with true gipsy zest.
Suddenly a shout from one of the men who was strolling around, arrested the attention of some of the others.
"Hallo, boys!" he cried. "I'm blest if here isn't a cave in the hill! Come, see the hole under these bushes. You never saw anything hidden neater in your lives."
"Jones thinks nobody ever saw a cave before," said one of the loungers. "For my part, I think more of something to eat than of a hole in the ground."

in the ground." sentiment was echoed by the others, This sentiment was echoed by the others, but the inquisitive cave discoverer, nothing daunted, approached the fire, took from it a torch, returned to the butte, parted the bushes, revealing a dark aperture in the feee of the rock, and disappeared within it, his light giving back a yellow glare for a second after he had ceased to be seen.

The camp revelry went on, the cooking progressed, the minutes passed, and Jones did not reappear.

"If that fellow had found a gold mine in there he wouldn't call one of us," growled the lounger who had before spoken. "I wonder what Jones has found. I'll just take a look, as dinner isn't ready."

He arose lazily, abstracted a stick of burn-

He arose lazily, abstracted a stick of burning wood for a torch, proceeded to the cavern entrance, and disappeared from view.

"Probably," said Habert, "there's a large cavern under that hill. If we had time, it might pay to explore it Under the present circumstances, I am like Brown, and prefer my dinner to scientific explorations."

The meal seemed to be nearly ready, for the rattling of tin cups and dishes began to be heard; the lieutenant's small camp chest was unpacked, and the cook shouted to the strollers to come to dinner.

to come to dinner.
"Have Jones and Brown come back?" asked

"Have Jones and Brown come back?" asked the lieutenant, as he rose to a sitting position, and glanced towards the cavern.

The men replied in the negative.

"Go after them then, King, and hurry them up," said the officer. We must resume the march after dinner, and cannot afford to waste time here."

King, a fine young soldier, took a torch, and entered the cave.

The dinner was dealt out—hot savory steaks and roasts—the coffee measured, and the meal commenced, but none of the men who had entered the cave made their appearance.

"How singular!" ejaculated Brydges, testily

"How singular!" ejaculated Brydges, testily and impatiently. "What can keep those men? King has been gone ten minutes. Here Sergeant Halsey, hurry those men up!"

The sergeaut, a brown, strong man of middle age, hesitated, and ventured to stammer:

"I beg your pardon, lieutenant, but I think there's something wrong inside the cave. There's three men in there—all hungry and knowing that dinner's ready. Surely they'd come back if they could. Perhaps there's wild beasts, or some strange kind of gas that smothers'em, or—"

"Nonsense, sergeant!" interrupted the lien.

"Nonsense, sergeant!" interrupted the lientenant, frowning. "I give you five m inutes to bring those men back. Go!" The sergeant's face paled, but, without another word, he took up a torch and entered the cave, disappearing from the gaze of his friends.

The minutes passed, the lieutenant an i the men ate their dinner mechanically, awaiting anxiously the expected return; yet none of the four came back.

The words of the sergeant had made a deep

The words of the sergeant had made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. A general gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direction of the cavern. Even the lieutenant and Hubert fell a strange depression creeping over them, which neither could resist.

"What can be the matter?" at length demanded the officer, "The sergeant's in trouble, I should judge, by this long thesence. There can't be gas in the cave, or if so, he would probably have had time to cry out. There can't be wild beasts, for those four men were all well armed, and would at least have fired. Which of all you men will go into the cave and learn what the matter is?" cave and learn what the matter is?'

cave and learn what the matter is?"

There was reneral abrinking back. Every soldier was brave in an Indian fight, but not one dared to face a mysterious and unknown danger. Not one wished to risk the complete and total disappearance from earth and buman knowledge that had befallen his comrades.
"Whoever will venture in search of the miss

ing men shall receive from me a hundred dol-lars in gold!" exclaimed Hubert, in his clear, ringing tones. "Who speaks first for the

ringing tones. "Who speaks first for the money?"

The offer was tempting; but it was not accepted. Not a word of reply was made to it.

Hubert hesitated, giving a brief thought to Miriam, his loved and waiting Miriam! His face then glowed with a heroic light, and he said, in tones that did not falter:

"I will go in search of the men, Lieutenant Brydgos. Only, your party is now small, and it I do not return in twenty minutes, you may resume your journey."

"But, Earle," expostulated the lieutenant, "this is positive madness. You must not risk your life. We will wait awhile, and if the men do not return, we will move on!"

"They may need help," replied Hubert, steadily. "They may have encountered—well, God knows what, I can't imagine. If I fire my, rifie, come to me. If I fail to return within the time appointed, move on!"

He went up to the nearest fire, picked up a blazing stick, arranged his rifle for instant use, approached the mouth of the cave, peered into it cautiously, and listened intently for some sound of lite within.

No sound came. All was as still as death within the cavern.

The next instant Hubert had Vanished there in.

All was now breathless suspense.

The next instant Hubert had vanished therein.

All was now breathless suspense.

The licutenant and his men gathered around to listen for the report of the rifle. Three minutes passed, but it came not. Five minutes dragged by—ten—fifteen, and still no sound reached their ears. They could see a brief space into the cavern by the light of their own torghes, but nothing but rocky walls and floor met their gaze.

Twenty minutes were thus passed. The time was up, and Hubert had not returned.

The men looked at one another with pallid faces. As if turned to stone, they stood an awe-stricken group about the cavern's mouth, until the minutes had more than made up an hour—and still they lingered.

During this time they had cleared away the bushes from the mouth of the cave. They had tried again and again to peer into the dark depths of the opening, but could not. The lieutenant had called repeatedly to Habert, but received no answer. At length he proposed to tie a rope around his waist and descend into the sinister abyss, but his men objected unanimously.

"What's the use?" asked one. "There's something here that no mortal man can conquer."

"We can't risk your life, lieutenant," said

quer."
"We can't risk your life, lieutenant," said another. "Just think how few there are of us."
The time continued to drag on.
At last, when two full hours had passed. Lieutenant Brydges staggered to his feet, and said:
"This is horrible—terrible beyond expression! We have lost four of our comrades and this noble young stranger, whom I loved as a brother. This fearful cave must hold the secret of their fate be it what it may. Let us go."

Without a word, but with white faces—in a sort of mute terror, the men meunted their horses and resumed their journey. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated April 10, 1869, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. The publication of Rev. Dr. Tyng's great story, which has been written expressly for the Ledger, is just commenced in the Ledger, so that our readers will get the whole of these two stories in it. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Partos and Fanny Fern, have articles in overy number. Without a word, but with white faces-in a

-Major Lallerstadt, a well known lawyer of the Augusta bar, died at his residence in Woodlawn, near that city, on the night off ast Sunday, after a protracted illness.

Commercial.

MATANZAS—Per schr Mary A Holt—110 hhds Mus-covado Jugar, 75 boxos Clayed Sugar, 69 hhds and 6 derces Muscovado Molasses, 89 hhds and 14 tierces Clayed Molasses, 40 bhds Centrifugal Molasses, to Kisley & Creighton.

NEW YORK—Per steamship James Adger—177 tes Rice, 516 bales Upland Cotton, 89 bales Yarn, 89 bags Fruit, 64 bags Coccoanuts 37 packages Sun-dries....Per schr Montrose—Inward Cargo, also 44 bales Cotton, 34 hhds Molasses, 10,000 feet ACKSONVILLE, FLA-Per schr Dav d Currie-150 bbla Lime, 35 bales Hay.

literation, there being a slight improvement in the emand and rather less flatness in the article; sales about 350 bales, say 48 at 26; 47 at 2614; 88 at 2614; 11 at 26%; 61 at 27; 1 at 27%c. We quote: LIVERPOOL CLASSIFICATION.

RICE.—Prices were easier and in some cases about o. lower, but the decline was not generally accept agures; sales 106 tes. of clean Carolina, say 80 at 8 3-16; 10 at 8 5-16; 16 a' 8 1/2 \$ 16. We quote common to fair clean Carolina at 73/481/c.; good 8 3-16a

FOREIGN MARKETS.

LONDON, March 23 .- Noon-Securities unchanged LIVERPOOL, March 23 .- Noon-Cotton firmer but ot higher. Uplands 12d, Orleans 121/d. Sales 10.-000 bales. Bombay shipments to the 19th inst., 27,-000. Lard quiet at 75s. Yarns and fabrics at Manchester quiet. Breadstuffs firmer.

Evening.—Cotton firmer but not higher. Uplands 12d, Orleans 121/d. Sales 12,000 bales. Turpentine

DOMESTIC MARKETS. NEW YORK, March 23.—Noon—Money easy at 7. Sterling 8½. Gold 31. '62's 18¾. Cotton steady at

Evening.—Cotton steady; sales 2000 bales at 28%c. Flour favors buyers. Wheat closed drooping. Corn closed dull; holders anxious to realize; old New Or heavy; 19a19%c. Whiskey nominal. Sugar firm. Naval stores quiet. Freights firmer; on cotton by steam, ¼d. Governments closed weak. 62's, 18%. Southern securities heavy. North Carolinas, 61%1 South Carolinas, 711; Tennessees, 651/2. Money, 7 per cent. Gold, 31%. Sterling, 8%.

BALTIMORE, March 23 .- Cotton dull and unchanged. Flour active and unchanged; low grades very firm. Wheatinactive; choice red \$2 10a2 25. Corn dull at 82. Rye and oats dull. Provisions firm.

Bacon dull-no sales; shoulders held at 131; clear WILMINGTON, March 23 .- Spirits of turpentine weaker at 46 %c. Rosin steady; strained \$1 80; crude

ton quiet at 26c. AUGUSTA, March 23.-Cotton firmer: sales 350 bales; receipts 200 bales; middlings 26 1/4 28 1/20. SAVANNAH, March 23 .- Cotton firmer, in fair de

MOBILE, March 23 .- Cotton dull; demand limited; sales 500 bales; low middlings 26'4e; receipts 300 bales: exports 25 bales.

higher; middlings, 28c; sales 6300 bales; receipts 2542 bales; exports 639 bales. Gold, 31%. Sterling, 42%. Commercial, 41%. New York Fight exchange, % premium. Sugar dull; common, 10%; prime, 14 %c. Molasses scarce: 75a78c.

COLUMBUS, March 20 -A fair demand still ex SKI M., March 19.—Sales 50 bales at 251/4 to 251/4. Market closing quiet, but few bales cotton on sale.

Wilmington Market. Wilmington Market.
Wilmington Market.
Wilmington, March 22.—Tungenfixe—Is unchanged in price. Sales of 190 bbls at \$2 85 for soft, and \$1 70 for hard. per 280 pounds.
Spillis Tungentine.—Market depressed and prices lower. Sales reported of only 50 bbls at 480 per gallon for New York packages.
Rosin —Sales of 250 bbls at \$1 65 for black; \$1 75a 1 80 for strained, and \$1 85 for No. 2.

Tan—Is 50 better and 200 bbls sold at \$2 79 per bbl.

Stead Brothers' Sea Island Cotton Cir-

doldsmith & Son.

PORT CALENDAR. PHASES OF THE MOON.

Last Quarter, 5th, 12 hours, 28 minutes, morning.

New Moon, 13th, 3 hours, 36 minutes, morning.

First Quarter, 21st, 12 hours, 36 minutes, morning.

Full Moon, 27th, 4 hours, 12 minutes, evening.

Steamship Champion, Lockwood, New York—lef Saturday P M., Mdze, To James Adger & Co, E Adger & Co, Railroad Agents, F D Alker & Co, Mr R Armstrong, Adams, Damos & Co, E A amme, apple, J Allen, A Bischoff, T M Bristell, H D Burket

Exports.

OFFICE OF THE CHARLESTON DAILY NEWS, CHARLESTON, Tuesday Evening, March 23. COTTON.—The market was without important

By New York classification we quote:

Markets by Telegraph.

HARVE, March 23 .- Cotton quiet.

leans mixed, 85a85%c. Pork lower; \$31. Lard

Whiskey steady, 93394. CINCINNATI, March 23 -Whiskey 91. Pork \$32.

turpentine, nothing doing. Tar steady at \$2 70. Cot-

mand; middlings 27%c; sales 600 bales; receipts 815 bales; exports to Bremen 956 bales; coastwise 816

NEW OBLEANS, March 23 .- Colton active; %a 40

MACON, March 20 —Corron—The market to-day was quiet. Sales were made on the basis of 25% for middlings. Holders rather firmer. Recepts 11 bales; shipments none; sales 18 bales.

Consignees per South Carolina Railroad March 93. 445 bales Cotton, 49 bales Yarn, 520 bushels Grain, 1 car Stock. To Ballroad Agent, Felzer, Rodgers & Co, Fripp & May, Beeder & Davis, Mowry & Co, F Co, Mey, G W Williams & Co, W E Hyan, G H Walter & Co, Kukpatrick & Witte, J B & Sloan, Frost & Adger, W C Courtney & Co, Crane, Boylston & Co, H Cobia & Co, G W Stoffens, D A-Amme, W S Corwin & Co, Goldsmith & Son.

Passengers.

Per steamship James Adger, for New York—C E Wiley, Mrs O P Leggeit, Miss Leggett, JA Foot, Mrs W R Pell, C R Gill, W H stebhins, Miss A B Jennings, O P Cox, Capt G Wheeler, O H Atkins, John Heuney, J K Vanness, W H Pell, S J Hosmer, A W Vardell, Jr, D A Close, J Clements, R S L Patton. D Donahue, P Owens, J Murphy, P Desnell, and H Manniss.

Per steamship Champion, frem New York—D A Johnson, G W Stevens, Mrs M L Pritchard, Mrs O A Hicks, P W Platterburg, P Platterburg, E Solomon, Mrs Mass, Mrs Grant, J B Page, S H Holmes and wife, Mrs Nichols, J C Calheun and wife, J Deming, J Leckle, Jr, W Blanchard, A L Prince, J Prince, in Fredburg, Mrs M O Bulow, A Braisted, A Calken, and others.

Per steamer Pilot Boy, from Savannah via Beaufort, Hilton Head, &c —S E Smith, M Jack, R A Jenness, W H Millar, W H Peake, Mrs Fordham, A Shepherd, W C Phinlander, Mrs L Stuart, W B Stuart, Master L Stuart, F W Stevens and wife, J C Kellogg and wife, Mrs Mary Rocker and daughter, Mr Baggart, O T Williams, H Jackson, J J Pringle, Capt J La Rose and wife, Mrs Paine and daughter, Mr Baggart, O T Williams, H Jackson, J J Pringle, Capt J La Rose and wife, Mrs Paine and daughter, Mr Stagg, I Z Johnson, two Misses Johnson, and 6 on deck.

Marine Mews. Port of Charleston, March 24

\*\*ACO, B Bates & Co, C D Brahe & Co, Brown & Hyer, G H Brown, Burbank & Burkmyer, Bollmann Bros, F O Borner, J A Brenner, Bart & Wirth, Mrs M J Booth, W S Corwin & Co, Cartmill, Harbeson & Co, Charleston Gas Co, Charlest & WHt Chafee & Co, Dowle & Moise, Denny & Perry, M Drake, Dorbaum & Jurbs, H Daly, J A Enslow & Co, W A Evans, L Elies, D F Flexming & Co, J S Fairly & Co, B Feldmann & Co, I L Feld & Co, B Foley, A G Goodwin, agent, H Gerdts & Co, Gorman, M Goldsmith & Son, Goodrich, Wineman & Co, C Goldstein, Mrs M Galloway, W Gurney, J Hurkamp & Co, J H Hillen, R Hunter, Hart & Co, Rev W W Hisks, N A Hunt, J W Harrisson, Holmes' Book & tore, F Horsey, Hollmes & Calder, J & M Jerman, A Illing, Jeffords & Co, Jennings, Thomlinson & Co, C H Johnson, H Klatte & Co, B J S Pierson, Kinsman Bros, Kriete & Chapman, Kliuck, Wickenberg & Co, F Kr. seell, Jr. C L Kornahrens, Knobeloch & Small, A McLeish, Laurey & Alexander, Lenguick & Sell, C Litschgt, Mantoue & Co, A Langer, S R Marshall, McDuff Cohen, J G Milnor & Co, McI oy & Ricc, Menke & Muller, Marshall & Burge, J B McElhose, W Matthlessen, Muller, Mimitz & Co, C Madsen, Nieman & Borger, Ostoudorff & Co, North, Steele & Wardell, D O'Neill & Son, B C Oleus, W F Paddon, J S & E Pierson, Dawson & Co, L Schnell, keoll, Webb & Co, E Scott, J E Semke, J Small & Co, E B Stoddard & Co, D h Silox, J H Wollers, Walker, Lvans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, J H Vollers, Walker, Lvans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, J H Vollers, Walker, Lvans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, J H Vollers, Walker, Lvans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, Wagener & Monsees, W G Whilden & Co, W H Chaptin, H T Peake, McDuff Cohen, Marshall & McMillann, H T Peake, McDuff Cohen, Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, Wagener & Monsees, J Thomson & Co, Bursen, J D Aklien & Co, W H Chaptin, H T Peake, McDuff Cohen, Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Mrs & Watts, Wagener & Monsees, J Thomson & Co, Bursen, J D Aklien & Co, B P Benedict, H D Burkett & Co, J Commins, J Compann, Modilero, Hollin, H T Peake, McDuff Cohen, Walker, Evans & Cogswell

Cleared Yesterday. ip James Adger, Lookwood, New York—Jas Adger & Co, Schr Montrose, Knudson, New York—J A Enslow & Schr David Currie, Read, Jacksonville, Fla-Wm

Sailed Yesterday. Salied Yesterday.

Steamship James Adger, Lockwood, New York.
Schr Rachel Seamau, High, New York.
Schr Magnolis, Dowdy, New York.
Schr Clara, Mulford, Philadelphia.
Schr Emma R Graham, Smith, Baltimore.
Schr Annie Barton, Frink, Baltimore.
Schr Annie Barton, Frink, Baltimore.
Schr Tade Wind, Hoffman, Wilmington, Del.
Schr H W Godfrey, Scars, Providence, R I.
Schr J H Lockwood, Starrett, Savannab.
Schr Flying Scud, Mitchell, Wilmington, N C.
Steamer Dictator, Willey, Palatka, via Jacksonville
Fernandina, and Savannah.

Schr Minnie, Smith, at Baltimore, March 20. Shipnews by Telegraph. New York, March 23—The coast and gulf vesse's which were behind time have arrived. Formess Monkor, March 23—A heavy storm pre-alled at sea to-day, and many vessels sought this harbor.

SAVANNAH, March 23—Arrived, steamships Huntsville and San Jacinto from New York; Wyoming from Philadelphia.

Cleared, steamship Leo for New York; barks G B Coovert for Mo. tevideo; Magrete for Bremen; schr J S Shandler for Cuba.

Cleared for this Port.

Memoranda. PORT OF GEORGETOWN, 8, C., TO MARCH 21. ABRIVED. March 18-Schr S E Woodbury, Woodbury, Balti more.

March 19—Schrs C Rankin, Rankin, Newburyport;
Pacific, Bragg. Hertford, N C; Lella, Foss, Belfast,
Me; Susan Wright, Mount, New York.
March 21—Schr C S Webb, Day, Savannah.

March 17—Schre R E Pecker, Sherman, Ponce, P R; Carrie Walker, McFarland, Bath; Lucy Hulbert,

gotels. ST. CLOUD HOTEL.

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THIS COMPANY, UNDER THE DIRECTION ENTIRELY OF SOUTHERN MEN OF HIGH CHARACTER, offers inducements which will recommend it to Southern Planters. Their works are among the largest and most complete in the United States, and souble them to proper at home an abundant supply of tine proper solvent for the South Carolina native Bone Phosphates which are near by. From these Phosphates they propose to manufacture a

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Elivan No. 1—SOLUBLE PROSPHATE, containing from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. of PURE SOLUBLE PROSPHATE, and furnished at sixty dollars per ton. Eliman No. 1.—SOLUBLE. PHOSPHATE, containing from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. of PURE SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF LIME, and furnished at sixty dollars per ton.

Eliman No. 2.—PERUVIAN SUPERPHOSPHATE, containing from sixteen to twenty per cent. of SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, and three to four per cent. of AMMONIA, at seventy Dollars per ton, for approved acceptances bearing interest, or such other security as may be acceptable to the sub-agents, a discount of ten Orders to be forwarded immediately to the Agents, and delivery made as directed on and after 1st January next.

WM. C. BEE & CO., Agents.

C. G. MEMMINGER, President. The Fertilizers of this Company will be branded ETIWAN, No. 1-ETIWAN

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